

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

THE

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NO. 1.

SEALING THE SEPULCHRE.

THE accompanying engraving is at once interesting and instructive, illustrating, as it does, one of the grand events in the history of our Savior. In order to understand it properly we should call to mind that Jesus lay in a new tomb which belonged to a certain rich disciple, named Joseph, of the town of Arimathea.

The inspired writer thus describes the scene: "When the even was come, there came a rich man of Arimathea, named Joseph, who also himself was Jesus' disciple; he went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. Then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered. And when Joseph had taken the body, he wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his



own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock; and he rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre, and departed." Afterwards we are told that "The chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate, saying, Sir, we remember that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive, After three days I will rise again. Command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night, and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead; so the last error shall be worse than the first. Pilate said unto them, Ye have a watch; go your way, make it as sure as ye can. So they went, and made the sepulchre sure, seal-

ing the stone, and setting a watch." (*Matt. xxvii*, 57-66.)

It is this last act which the artist here so beautifully delineates. The leading priest, dressed in his official robes and assisted by two others, is making everything safe against deception. The most casual observer can perceive that it will be impossible for any one to enter the tomb without cutting the straps or breaking the seals. In either case it will be easily detected, for no one but the proper authority has the stamp or seal by which to imprint on the wax the proper device. Besides, the soldiers are there to guard the tomb and prevent intrusion.

In the back ground is shown Mount Calvary and the three crosses on which the Savior and the two thieves were crucified, and a few of the Savior's weeping and disconsolate followers standing near. The whole teaches an impressive lesson to both old and young. The wickedness and arts of men have no influence against the power of God. He whom men by wicked hands had crucified and slain, God raised up to be a Prince and a Savior. Why should we fear death? Jesus has burst the bonds of the tomb. O, glorious fact! The good shall appear in His likeness. "We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is. (*I John iii*, 2.)

Prize Article.

THE PERSECUTIONS OF THE SAINTS.

BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

"BLESSED are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you."

These are the words of our Savior, Jesus Christ, to His disciples of old. How comforting they are to those to whom they were spoken! And they apply to His servants and Saints in these days just as much as they did to those of past ages.

The peace and the consolation imparted by the glorious promises of our Savior to His faithful Saints enable them to bear with every opposition that is brought against them. It is beyond the power of their enemies to rob them of this peace and joy, so long as they remain faithful in the cause they have espoused.

Believing and trusting in the promise of a great reward in heaven have enabled the Saints of both former and latter days to endure all manner of abuse that is inflicted upon them by their enemies.

But the object at present is to describe the persecutions to which the Latter-day Saints have been subjected.

It is a well-established fact that whenever the Lord has set His hand to bring about His purposes upon the earth, and to fulfill the predictions made by His inspired servants, the powers of evil have been arrayed against Him. The wicked, being prompted by the evil one, have tried with all their might to thwart the designs of the Almighty. But it is needless to say that their efforts have always been, and always will be, in vain.

One strong evidence that the work in which the Latter-day Saints are engaged is of God, is that those who have embraced it are hated, persecuted and spoken evil of by all nations. That this should be the case with the followers of Christ is plainly predicted by the Apostle Paul, when he said: "All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."

If we review the history of the persecutions of the Latter-day Saints from the time the Church was organized up to the present, we will find that the enemies of the Saints have had no justifiable cause for acting as they have towards them, unless it is a crime to practice and teach the principles of the gospel as taught by the Savior and His ancient apostles.

However, we will briefly sketch some of the most prominent and cruel persecutions and drivings to which the Latter-day Saint Church has been subjected. To give an account of the mobbings and persecutions which thousands of the members have endured before they were gathered with the body of the Church, and also while in various lands, laboring as missionaries, would be impossible.

To portray the heart-rending scenes of murder, robbery and drivings of innocent, law-abiding Saints during the first twenty years of their history as a Church, would be soul-sickening. It is enough to cause the most hard-hearted to blush with shame for the foul deeds committed by his fellow-men. One naturally turns away with horror and disgust from the contemplation of the awful cruelties of the ancient Jews and Romans toward the apostles and saints of their day; the mind revolts at the thought of the horrible punishments inflicted upon offenseless beings by that terrible institution, the Inquisition, which was established in the dark ages of the world's history; the free-born sons of American liberty are chagrined at the fact that in this land, the asylum of the oppressed, religious toleration was denied those who differed with the generally accepted ideas, and chose to serve God according to the dictates of their consciences; with regret they admit that such persons were severely punished under the strict laws of the Puritans, and the "blue laws" of Connecticut. But they console themselves with the thought that such restriction was only practiced in days gone by, when American freedom was in its infancy, and that such things are now entirely unknown. Yet, in the very heart of this boasted land of liberty and enlightenment, in the face of the glorious constitution which declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting religion," and that all mankind are "free to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences," a community of loyal citizens have been mobbed, plundered, driven from their homes, and left to perish for want of food and shelter, and many even been murdered.

But our opposers will say we are persecuted for our evil practices, and not for righteousness' sake. Let the history of the Saints speak for itself.

Joseph Smith, who was instrumental in the hand of God for restoring the gospel and the Holy Priesthood to the earth in these days, received his first heavenly vision in the Spring of 1820, when he was between fourteen and fifteen years of age. He was then but a boy. Yet at that early age he began to be persecuted. And for what cause? Had he committed any crime? No one can prove that he had. If he had broken any of the laws of the land he would undoubtedly have been punished by the proper authorities. But why was he thus persecuted? Simply because he declared what he had actually seen and heard.

Shortly after receiving the heavenly visitation, he related what had occurred to a minister of one of the leading sects of

the day. When Joseph told him that the Father and Son had appeared unto him, he ridiculed the idea, and said his vision was all from the devil. He also used his influence to abuse his character. This was the beginning of the persecutions which followed him through the remainder of his career, and which terminated in his martyrdom at the hands of assassins.

Now, no person with a sense of justice would say that Joseph was guilty of any crime in relating a circumstance that really occurred. If he had been deceived, as the minister to whom he related his vision declared, it was that gentleman's duty, as a follower of Christ, which he professed to be, to inform the youthful Joseph in a kindly manner that he had erred, and to do all he could to guide him in the right way. But, instead of acting in a Christian-like manner towards him, he used his power to injure his character.

No sooner had Joseph Smith received the plates from which the Book of Mormon was translated than he was again beset by wicked men. So persistent were his enemies in their efforts to take his life that he found it necessary to leave the State in which he was residing. This was before the Church was organized, and previous to the publication of the Book of Mormon. Joseph had wronged no man. He was a peace-loving and law-abiding citizen. His enemies had no reason for seeking his life. It is clearly evident that his persecutors were influenced by Satan to seek his destruction.

Again, during the month of June, 1830, but two months after the Church was organized, Joseph was twice arrested for imaginary offenses. At his trial nothing could be proven against him, and he was acquitted.

Space will not admit a detailed account of the many arrests and imprisonments of the Prophet Joseph and other leaders of the Church. Suffice it to say that during Joseph's lifetime he was arrested thirty-nine times. Yet no charge could be proven against him. He was innocent. As he remarked just before his martyrdom he had a "conscience void of offense towards God and towards all men."

Like the Savior, he was a man of sorrow. His life was continually sought by evil-designing men. He suffered all kinds of abuse. He was kidnapped, dragged from his home and family, drugged with poison, tarred and feathered, imprisoned without food, and, when hungry, offered human flesh to eat. Finally, his life was sacrificed for the cause of truth.

But what had his followers done that they should share a similar fate? Had they wronged their fellow-men? No; but because they were God-fearing, the wicked hated them; because they were industrious, they envied them; because they were united, they dreaded them; because they were firm in their convictions of truth, and because there was no law prohibiting persons exercising these virtues, they resorted to mob violence, and drove them from their midst.

Scarcely a year had elapsed from the time the Church was organized, in Fayette, New York, before the few members who had joined it were compelled by mobs to leave their homes in search of some more peaceful habitation. They gathered themselves at Kirtland, Ohio. There they built new homes. By industry and economy and their liberal contributions they erected a temple and dedicated it to the Most High. For their faithful labors they were awarded by receiving glorious blessings in that temple. The Lord accepted their labors, and showed His approval by appearing to His servants in that house dedicated to His name.

This made Satan rage more furiously than before, and he

stirred up his servants to renewed efforts. The fire of persecution had again spread around the Saints. It continued to grow more fierce until they were obliged to flee before its destructive sweep. They had been driven from two States, and now they sought refuge in Missouri, only to be again persecuted, and the third time banished from their homes.

The State of Missouri was the stage upon which was enacted many bloody tragedies, and upon which horrible scenes of cruelty were portrayed. While the Saints sojourned there they had no rest. They were continually being driven from county to county. Their homes were burned. Their property was destroyed. Their leaders were imprisoned. Helpless women and innocent children were driven from their firesides, to suffer on the cold prairie.

It was in this State that the massacre at Haun's mill took place, during which some eighteen or nineteen offending Saints were murdered.

In vain did the Saints appeal for redress; first to the governor of the State, then to the president of the United States. The latter acknowledged that their cause was just, but that he could do nothing for them.

Who were the leaders of these blood-thirsty mobocrats? Were they the low and degraded outcasts of society? No; they were ministers of the gospel (if it is not blasphemy to call them such). They professed to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus! Then there were judges, lawyers, officers in the State militia and governors who were in sympathy with and aided these wicked men!

L. W. Boggs, the governor of Missouri, issued an order for the extermination of all the Saints unless they left the State. Their leaders were taken prisoners and the people were forced to sign deeds of trust to defray the expenses of the governor's troops, or mobs.

It appears, by the notorious extermination speech of Gen. J. B. Clark, that the greatest objection the mobocrats had to the Saints enjoying their rights as citizens was that they were organized under the leadership of Bishops, etc., and were subject to the rule of the Priesthood. In his remarks, he advised them to scatter and never again meet in an organized capacity.

At this crisis, the only alternative for the Saints was to leave their dearly-bought homes, and again search a haven of rest beyond the borders of that blood-stained State. They had to take their flight during the cold Winter of 1838-39. By the Spring of 1839 all the Saints had left the State.

During their sojourn of some eight years there, they had passed through many severe persecutions, and they were glad to find a place of refuge in Illinois. Commerce, which was afterwards named Nauvoo, was chosen as a place of gathering for the Saints. There they enjoyed a few years of peace, although their beloved prophet was still sought after, and accused of crimes he had never committed.

The Saints prospered in their new homes. They built a beautiful city. They were industrious, thrifty and economical, and soon they became comparatively wealthy. The building of a magnificent temple was also commenced.

The prosperity of the Saints, however, had a tendency to cause their indolent and covetous neighbors to envy them, and they watched closely for an opportunity to get possession of their property if they could but find some excuse for depriving them of it. Law, they said, would not reach them, but powder and ball would; and to accomplish their wicked designs they invariably adopted the latter. Of course, it was their leader with whom they found the most fault. If they

could only destroy him, they thought, the people would scatter and be disunited. They brought many false charges against him. But their plans were futile. His time had not yet come, and the Lord preserved the prophet's life.

Finally a scheme was devised by which they might obtain a pretext for murdering the prophet. A filthy sheet, called the *Nauvoo Expositor*, was issued. It contained all kinds of falsehoods about the Saints and their leaders. All lovers of decency were shocked at such a corruptible paper. The city council of Nauvoo declared the office in which it was published a nuisance, and it was destroyed as such by the proper authorities. This act of the city council caused the fiendish mobs to become wild with rage. They came in force and demanded that the leaders of the Saints should be delivered into their hands.

The prophet and patriarch finally gave themselves up. They were taken to Carthage and imprisoned. The treacherous governor pledged his faith and the faith of the State for their safety, while he was at the same time in league with the mob.

While in Carthage jail, on the afternoon of June 27, 1844, a body of some one hundred and fifty or two hundred men, with painted faces, came to the jail and shot the Prophet Joseph and his brother, Hyrum.

Thus these noble men sealed their testimony with their blood! Thus was the sovereign State of Illinois stained with the blood of the prophets! Thus those blood-thirsty mobs sealed their doom to suffer with the damned! And this nation, by permitting the perpetrators of such a dreadful crime to go unpunished, thus sanctioning their vile acts, have brought down upon them the wrath of an offended God. They have suffered deeply for their rejection of the truth. But the end is not yet. More terrible calamities await the wicked.

In fulfillment of the words of the Prophet Joseph, which he uttered in his last public speech—that 'when his enemies should shed his blood they would thirst for the blood of every man in whose heart dwelt a single spark of the fullness of the gospel—the Saints continued to be annoyed by the wicked who sought their destruction. They soon learned that there was no religious freedom to be found within the bounds of American civilization. They had tested it in four of the States of the Union, and had learned by bitter experience that the liberty for which their sires bled had ceased to exist.

Finding it impossible to live in peace with such wicked people as those with whom they were surrounded, they bid farewell to civilization, and went in search of a home in the barren deserts of the west, far from their persecutors. They preferred the hospitality of the red men to the hostility of their more enlightened brothers.

Their enemies, however, were determined that they should not leave in peace. Although they had agreed to let them alone until they could make preparations for their journey, they failed to keep their promise. They wanted to destroy them if they could. They made an attack upon them and forced them to leave without warning.

It was in the month of February, 1846, when the Saints commenced to vacate Nauvoo. They endured very severe privations by being thus left homeless and without a shelter in such inclement weather. Still it was a consolation to them to be once more free from their oppressors.

Before his death, the Prophet Joseph predicted that the Saints would ere long establish themselves in the Rocky Mountains. The exiled Saints looked forward to the fulfillment of this prophecy with anxiety. Their hearts yearned for a place

of peace and safety, where they could make themselves happy homes, and where they could enjoy the privilege of worshiping God without being molested.

Slowly the wandering pilgrims wended their way towards their anticipated refuge of peace. But the government was not willing that they should depart without imposing upon them another test of their loyalty to their country.

They made a demand for five hundred of their best men to enlist in the nation's service, and to defend their rights on the frontiers of Mexico. If this demand was granted and the battalion raised, the wicked thought that the remainder of the Saints would perish in the wilderness; or, should they not comply with the call, they would have a pretext to raise an army and wipe them out.

Oh, how heartless a nation! After permitting the Saints to be banished from their midst; after allowing their rights and privileges to be trampled upon by lawless villains; after refusing to listen to their appeals for redress, they now require them to surrender their best men for the cause of their country! Oh, thou land of liberty and asylum for the oppressed! Thy glory is faded, and thy greatness hath vanished! No more art thou envied for thy loveliness, for thy virtue hath departed! While thou dost shelter and protect the ungodly, the cry of the oppressed is unheeded! O, America, America, thou that killest the prophets and persecutest the Saints of God! How long shall the blood of innocence cry from the dust for vengeance!

O, justice, where dost thou reside?
Surely thou art of heavenly birth;
Though nations boast of thee with pride,
Thou dost not grace the courts of earth!
And where thy sister, Liberty,
For whom our fathers fought and bled!
Rejected by her offspring, she
From this once blessed land hath fled!
While Truth is left alone to grow,
And spread through every land and clime,
That people everywhere may know
The message which she bears sublime.
But Liberty will yet return,
Her glorious reign is drawing nigh;
And tyrants, they ere long shall learn
That Justice lives, and rules on high.

The demand for five hundred men from the camps of Israel was satisfied. The men went and performed their mission nobly; while the remaining Saints pursued their perilous journey in the wilderness.

After a long and trying journey they reached their goal of rest. Their hopes of obtaining a peaceful abode were realized. Their hearts rejoiced, and they thanked God for deliverance.

Since they gathered to these valleys they have prospered exceedingly. The Lord has blessed them abundantly. They have had peace. Mobs have not molested them. They have increased in number and in power. They are free to worship God in a way that is pleasing to Him, and none can hinder them. Although they are still hated and misrepresented and their lives and liberties sought by the wicked, the Lord watches over and protects them.

The question may arise with some, why the Lord permitted the wicked to persecute and drive His chosen people, from place to place. The reason is obvious to those who are familiar with the history of this Church and with that of the Saints of different ages.

In the first place it was predicted centuries ago that the Saints should "wander in the wilderness, in a solitary way,"

and that "in the last days it shall come to pass that the mountain of the house of the Lord shall be established in the tops of the mountains," and that all nations shall flow unto it. These prophecies would not have been fulfilled if the Saints had not come to these mountains. Besides, they never could have lived in peace while surrounded by such wicked people, as they were in early days. And if their enemies chose to let them alone, they would soon fall back into their old ways. By associating with the world they would partake of its evil influences, and their zeal and love for the work of God would soon die out. They could not have brought up their sons and daughters so pure and uncontaminated with the wickedness of the world. The persecutions they endured caused them to be more united, and to rely upon God for protection.

It is a philosophical truth that the more opposition that is brought against a set of people, the more they adhere to each other and the principles they believe in. The more they are driven and persecuted the greater their strength becomes. This principle is clearly illustrated in the history of the Nephites, as recorded in the Book of Mormon. While they enjoyed peace and prosperity they invariably lost the spirit of their religion. They became proud and disunited. They formed different classes in society, and often had contentions among themselves. But when the Lord permitted their enemies, the Lamanites, to come upon them and drive them from place to place and scourge them, they would repent of their sins and seek protection from the Almighty.

Furthermore, if the Saints remained in their old homes, they could not have obeyed the call to come out of Babylon, that they might not partake of her sins or receive of her plagues. They would have undoubtedly had to share in the terrible calamities brought about by the great civil war between the Northern and Southern States. Therefore, we can see that the Lord had a wise object in bringing His people to these valleys, where they can escape the scourges that will overtake the wicked.

The Lord has said He would have a tried people and in some things their faith has been severely tested. They have been tried with persecutions and drivings and with poverty, and they will yet be proven in other ways. At present it appears that the Lord is going to try them with wealth, for they are indeed blessed with many of the comforts and luxuries that riches afford.

But the future prospects of true Latter-day Saints are, nevertheless, bright and encouraging. They have nothing to fear, for whatever comes will be for their benefit and advancement. Therefore, press forward, ye Saints of God, for glory awaits the pure in heart.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 373, Vol. xviii.)

THIS was a fair letter, and with the address, it shows very clearly that when prominent men of the nation look at the Saints without prejudice, they can readily admit that they are an industrious, innocent and persecuted people. It appeared just then to the Whigs an object of interest to speak kindly of and conciliate the Saints, and they became quite eloquent in dwelling upon the wrongs which they had endured. Although it looked rather suspicious to the Saints that the Whigs of Iowa should at that particular time become deeply interested in their welfare, and all of a sudden grow warm and

eloquent upon the subject of their expulsion from Missouri, and the martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch, Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and the sufferings they had endured in the boasted land of freedom, still the caucus concluded to reply to the communications of the Whigs. A preamble was drafted and adopted, in which a lengthy account of the outrages, persecution and proscriptions endured by the Latter-day Saints were set forth; also a resolution declaring that, if the Whigs of Iowa would lift up their hands towards heaven and swear by the Eternal Gods that they would use all their powers to suppress mobocracy, insurrection, rebellion and violence, in whatever form or from whatever source such might arise against the Latter-day Saints and the citizens of Iowa, even to the sacrifice of all their property, and their lives if need be, and that a full share of representative and judicial authority should be extended to the Saints, then the Saints would pledge themselves to unite their votes with the Whigs of Iowa at the elections of the current year and would correspond with the Whigs as solicited.

In March a post-office was established at Kanesville, and Brother Evan M. Greene received the appointment of postmaster. A county organization was also obtained, the county being called Pottowatomie. The officers were: Isaac Clark, judge of probate; George Coulson, Andrew H. Perkins and David D. Yearsley, county commissioners; Thomas Burdick, county clerk; John D. Parker, sheriff; James Sloan, district clerk; Evan M. Greene, recorder and treasurer; Jacob G. Bigler, William Snow, Levi Bracken and Jonathan C. Wright, magistrates.

Kanesville was now becoming a point of some importance. It was the intention to abandon Winter Quarters in the Spring of 1848, and those who could not move to the valley that season made preparations to settle on the Iowa side of the Missouri river, and whether they opened farms at other points or not, they naturally looked to Kanesville as headquarters. At a conference held there, Elders Orson Hyde and George A. Smith were chosen to labor in Pottowatomie county. Elder Ezra T. Benson was afterwards appointed to labor with them. Besides the Saints who had moved there after the expulsion of the Church from Nauvoo, there were many coming from foreign lands, who not having sufficient means to carry them directly to the valley, needed a half-way place at which to stop while they could make the necessary preparations to prosecute their journey. In May a company of one hundred and forty-six Saints arrived from Great Britain, having been brought up the Missouri river by the steamboat *Mustang*, under the leadership of Elder Franklin D. Richards, assisted by Elders Andrew Cahoon and S. W. Richards. Another company also arrived shortly afterwards under the leadership of Elder Moses Martin. Early in the same month a company of Saints arrived from the States on the steamboat *Mandan*. After the exodus of the Church from Nauvoo the emigration of the Saints from Europe had been stopped until a place of gathering could be found and decided upon. During this period the Saints in Europe had to repress their desires to gather with the people of God. When, therefore, the General Epistle reached them from the Presidency of the Church, informing them, among other things, that a place for the gathering of the people and the building up of Zion had been designated, they gladly received the news and the stream of emigration again began to flow Zionward.

The persecution and driving out of the Saints from the midst of so-called civilization and their wandering in the wilderness, did not check the preaching of the gospel in Europe,

or the baptism of the humble, meek and honest-hearted people who heard its glad sound. In Wales alone, under the presidency of Elder Dan Jones, during the last six months of 1847, upwards of seven hundred souls were added to the Church; and in other places where the Elders labored the Lord gave them great success in bringing souls unto Him. At the same conference at which Elders Orson Hyde and George A. Smith were appointed to labor in Pottowatomie county, Elders Orson Pratt and Wilford Woodruff, of the Twelve Apostles, were appointed missions; the first to Great Britain and the second to the Eastern States, Nova Scotia and Canada. Besides these, there were several other prominent Elders sent on missions abroad.

In the meanwhile active preparations were being made at Winter Quarters for the next Summer's journey across the plains to the valley. The Otoe Indians having heard that President Young and the Saints were about to start for the mountains, fifty of them, bearing letters from the agency, visited Winter Quarters to receive compensations for the occupancy of their lands. Suitable presents were given them and they returned to their villages. On the 9th of May, twenty-two wagons left Winter Quarters for the Elkhorn river—the place of rendezvous for the organization of the companies intending to move to the mountains that Summer. They were followed by others; and on the 26th, President Young started from Winter Quarters for the Elkhorn. Through the blessing of the Lord on his industry and good management, he had acquired considerable property during his sojourn at Winter Quarters, in houses, mills and temporary furniture. These he had to leave, making the fifth time that he had left his home and property since he embraced the gospel of Jesus Christ. Brother Heber C. Kimball reached the Elkhorn river on the 1st of June, having fifty-five wagons in company. It was with very joyful feelings that the Saints bade farewell to Winter Quarters. There was a long and tiresome journey before them, and the country to which they were going did not possess such natural advantages for settlement and cultivation at that time as to be inviting for a people who sought temporal prosperity only. But to the Saints it was an attractive land. God had chosen and pointed it out as their residence, the place to which He wished them to gather. There they could dwell at peace and worship Him without any to molest or make them afraid. There, under the shadow of the mighty mountains, they could erect their altars, attend to the ordinances which He had revealed and commanded them to observe, extend their settlements, and have no mob to threaten and annoy them. It was, therefore, with joyful feelings that they started forth on the plains to traverse the desert wilds which stretched out between the Missouri river and the mountains.

(To be Continued.)

INTERESTING INCIDENTS.

FROM THE JOURNALS OF MISSIONARIES.

IT is a well-established fact that wherever there are any honest souls to be found in any part of the earth, and there is a probability of the gospel being introduced in that neighborhood, the devil always makes extraordinary efforts to prevent it. The following incident is only one of the many that might be related to prove this statement:

A few years ago an Elder was appointed to labor in Italy. For some time the proclamation of the gospel in that land had not been heard. Although there were a few who had been baptized, they had become quite weak in the faith in consequence of having been left so long without a shepherd. Our brother therefore found it quite difficult to make any headway. He finally succeeded, however, in getting the promise of a suitable hall and an enquiring congregation at a place some little distance from where he was then stopping.

The day for meeting arrived and the Elder allowed himself just sufficient time to walk to the place of meeting before the hour appointed to commence the services. As he was hurrying along he came to a lonely part of the road that passed around a mountain. Going along a narrow part of the way, he espied coming towards him what appeared to be a very fine gentleman.

The two walked towards each other until they met, when the Elder turned to one side in order to pass, but his opponent stepped in front of him; he stepped to the other side, but found his way again blocked. After several times endeavoring to pass, he gave his opposer a shove with his elbow, remarking at the same time,

"Get out of my way."

Instantly a shock as of electricity passed through his body and he stood for a moment paralyzed. On looking around, after recovering himself, no person was to be seen. The evil spirit, for such it evidently was, had vanished.

The Elder proceeded on his way, held his meeting and afterwards succeeded in baptizing some honest souls who had listened to his discourse that day.

IN some countries of Europe the preachers of the Josephite church, who there call themselves "Mormons," are very zealous in following up our Elders, and try to destroy the good effects of the seed which they sow.

One Sabbath the Utah Elders were all absent from Bern, Switzerland, where a large branch of the Church existed. Advantage was taken of this, and a Mr. Baer came to the meeting and introduced himself as "a 'Mormon' Elder from Utah."

He was, of course, invited to talk, and as he did so the false doctrine was mixed in with the true. A few of the older members detected the spurious article, but still did not dare to openly proclaim against it. The result was that quite a commotion was caused, and the false teacher remained that day unopposed. But when the true pastors of the flock returned, the false teacher was unveiled.

It happened that the Utah Elder who presided over that conference had, some years previously, paid for the emigration to Utah of this Baer, and notwithstanding the faithful promises of the latter to repay the loan, he had never done so. This apostate having learned that his creditor was there and that his dishonesty was still remembered, thought it best to decamp, and the Saints of Bern or the surrounding branches have never seen him since.

A LITTLE boy, who, with his parents, had just been in the Church a few days, accidentally fell down a flight of stone steps. So severe was the fall that the top part of his skull was apparently crushed. He was carried into the house in an insensible condition. A surgeon was summoned who pronounced the skull broken, and gave no hope of the child's

recovery. He, however, bandaged the fracture before leaving.

The parents of the boy were almost distracted at the thought of losing this their oldest son. They sent for the Elders and requested their administration. This ordinance being performed, the child sank into a quiet slumber, and the next morning all pain and fever had ceased, and he played around the house as if nothing had happened.

The surgeon made his morning call and was astonished beyond measure to find his patient apparently well. He attributed his recovery to his skill, and requested a certificate from the father in regard to the matter. But the parents stated that the power of God had been manifested in behalf of the boy, and they would not attribute to human wisdom that which God in His mercy had accomplished.

LEARN TO SAY NO!

HOW much trouble and error of precept and practice could we save ourselves were we to set our faces against them and resolutely and respectfully say *no* at the proper time and with appropriate spirit. A little of my experience may not be entirely devoid of interest and I trust not without benefit to my young friends who read the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

I was fortunate enough to emigrate to Utah in the autumn of 1875. Shortly after my arrival I obtained employment in a manufacturing concern in one of our large cities. Coming as I did straight from my father's home in England, from which I had never been absent for more than five days in twenty and a half years, I found myself thrown upon the world before I realized the gravity of the situation. Like other young men at that age I became rather wild and reckless. That is, I became careless of my vital interests and forgetful of my duties. I was born in the Church, and during my career in my native land was held in full fellowship and was energetic in the advocacy and defense of "Mormonism."

I came here as all Latter-day Saints do, to become more thoroughly instructed in the plan of salvation. But as soon as I breathed the mountain air there seemed to be an influence to lead me from my duty. Some of my shopmates frequented saloons and spent much of their time playing billiards, etc. I was persuaded to go with them, and did so for a number of evenings. I did not go for the sake of drink, for I think in all of my visits to the saloon I did not drink a half pint of beer. Still the place seemed to have a certain charm for me. They put me to keep tally for them and I was foolish enough to do their bidding. I realized that I was in my wrong element and in poor company. My conscience smote me continually and yet I had not the courage to say *no* to their invitations.

I continued thus until at length my employer was apprised of my operations. He was a man of a large heart—a sound, consistent Latter-day Saint. He had labored with some of my companions, but to little purpose. He took me to task for my doings one day when we were alone. He asked me for what purpose I came to Zion? Was it to visit saloons and mingle with the drunkard and thereby destroy the peace and happiness of my home and my own salvation? Or had I come to help build up God's Kingdom on the earth and be worthy of its blessings? I could but say that the latter was my object. He then asked me if I thought the course I was pursuing would fill my purpose? Certainly it would not, and this I was forced to acknowledge. I told him that by God's help I

would not go into a saloon any more. Subsequently I would meet some of my saloon-going shopmates and they would kindly (?) invite me to come along and see just one game, etc., and, though difficult at first, I succeeded in declining their offers and after a few times asking in vain they let me alone.

"Resist the devil and he will flee from you."

"The reproof of a friend is better than the flattery of an enemy."

I have realized the truth of these sayings. If we would honor our covenants with God and sense His approbation we must "never give place to the devil." I have long since left the service of my employer here-in mentioned, but I love him for giving me good counsel at a time when it was most needed. Would that all who have the control of men would act likewise! Temptations seem to be on every hand, for our young people especially. Whenever they present themselves let us seek to the Lord and feel that by His help we will not be overcome, and we will find that as our day our strength will be.

We should remember the words of the wise man "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

The effect of the civilization sought to be forced upon the Latter-day Saints is seen in gambling halls, liquor saloons, etc., all of which have a greater or lesser influence upon our young people. I trust that parents, guardians and instructors of the young will counteract this by wise and loving counsels, by efforts to make homes the most agreeable of all places, and that our boys and girls will be wise in their generation and when the allurements of sin beset them will have the moral courage to firmly resist them and thereby fill the high destiny that has been marked out for them by an all-wise Providence.

ANGLICUS.

TALKING SHAPES OUR THOUGHTS.

I REALLY believe some people save their bright thoughts as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things—good enough to print? "Why," said he, "you are wasting merchantable literature—a cash article—at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour." The talker took him to the window, and asked him to look out and tell what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street," said he, "and a man driving a sprinkling machine through it."

"Why don't you tell the man he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highway of life if we did not drive our *thought-sprinklers* through them, with the valves open sometimes? Besides, there is another thing about this talking, which you forget. It shapes our thoughts for us; the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore. Let me modify the image a little. I rough-out my thoughts in talk as an artist models in clay. Spoken language is so plastic—you can pat, and coax, and spread, and shave, and rub out, and fill up, and stick on so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for soft modeling. Out of it come the shapes which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind or miss it. But talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and if you have time enough, you can't help hitting it."—Selected.

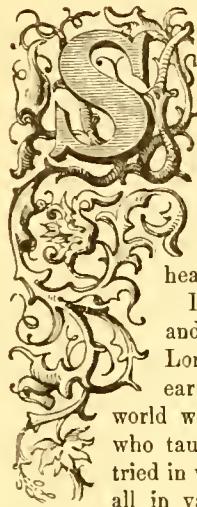
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY 1, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HALL God's will be done on earth as it is done in heaven? Jesus taught His disciples to pray for this. It must, then, be possible; for He would not teach them to pray for it unless it was possible. But how can it be done? It is upwards of eighteen hundred years since the Savior taught this prayer, and the will of God is not yet done on the earth as it is in heaven.

If wicked men had not killed the Savior and His disciples and rejected His gospel, the Lord's will would soon have been done on earth. The Lord had given the plan, but the world would not accept it. They killed the men who taught it. From that day to this men have tried in various ways to get the people united; but all in vain. It has proved an impossible task. Instead of union there is division; instead of concord there is strife. Men who call themselves ministers of Jesus quarrel; their congregations frequently hate each other. Men of the same church in different nations have shed each other's blood. Catholics have gone to war with Catholics; Protestants with Protestants. They have fought as bitterly one with the other as if they were of opposite faiths. But the most ridiculous feature of their wars has been that their ministers on each side have prayed God to give their side the victory. What a spectacle! Ministers of the same church at war with each other, and praying God, in the name of Jesus, to help them kill the most of their brethren on the other side, so that their side may gain the victory! Was there ever anything more devilish than this? Each minister encouraging the men on his side to believe when they die they will go to heaven! What a heaven it would be!

This sort of a religion is an utter failure. It is a man-made religion. No difference by what names it may be called, it is not of God. Servants of God do not fight with each other. The people of God do not contend and quarrel; for when they do, they cease to be His people. Hence, such religions as the world have had have not united the people. They have rent them asunder. So-called Christians have fought as readily as heathens. During the late civil war this was seen. Methodist fought with Methodist; Catholic with Catholic; Baptist with Baptist; Episcopalian with Episcopalian; Presbyterian with Presbyterian; and they fought as fiercely as heathens do.

Religions which bring forth such fruits never can lead people to do the will of God on earth as it is done in heaven. Century after century has passed without their doing this, and thousands upon thousands of years more might pass, and still it would not be done. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles." Nothing more plainly shows the absence of truth and God's power from these kinds of

religion than the condition of the world where they prevail.

Now, let us look at the religion of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior. Wherever it was preached and believed it united the people. Jews, Greeks, Romans and men of every race, became one. Their national differences ceased. They became one in Christ Jesus. The love of God overpowered national prejudices, aye, and even national hatred. It lifted them above these. They became the acknowledged children of God, and were united by a higher and holier band than that of race or nationality. These were its fruits.

Once more the Lord has restored this pure religion or gospel to the earth. What are its fruits? Precisely the same as the gospel brought forth anciently. Men are no longer Americans, British, French, Scandinavians, Germans, Swiss or an other nation; they are Latter-day Saints. Differences of language, of education, of race and of nationality all disappear. Under its influence, prejudices and animosities vanish. Union and love prevail. Its power in blending people together and making them one is marvelous. Give it scope, let it have fair play, and it will cause the Lord's prayer to be fulfilled. The will of God will ere long be done on earth as it is done in heaven. Look through the world and nothing can be seen that is like it. Wherever it is received its presence is marked by the same success. It is producing a union and oneness that is unexampled.

But, alas! it is hated for its good qualities. That which should call forth admiration, too frequently awakens the opposite feeling. Its enemies detest the union which it brings. For this alone they would destroy it if they could. Most strange, is it not? But mankind have done this before. *They killed the Son of God.* They could not bear His gospel. But to-day they cannot kill Him. He is beyond their power. Yet they would crush His work; they would banish His gospel; they would destroy His servants.

We ask again: Shall the will of God be done on earth as it is done in heaven? And we answer: Yes. The Lord and His faithful children have not offered this prayer in vain. The gospel which He has restored will bring it to pass. Men may hate and fight it. They may do all in their power against it, but they cannot succeed in defeating the Almighty.

ANECDOTE OF DUELLING.

I HAVE heard a story of a general officer in our service which pleased me much. On receiving a challenge, he went to the challenger, and told him he supposed they were to fight on equal terms; "but as things now stand," said he, "the terms are very unequal: I have a wife and five children, who have nothing to subsist on but my appointments; you have a considerable fortune, and no family. To place us, therefore, on an equality, I desire you will go with me to a conveyancer, and settle upon my wife and children, if I should fall, the value of my appointments. When you have signed such a conveyance, if you insist upon it, I will then fight you." The deliberate manner in which the general said this, and the apparent justice of the requisition, made his antagonist reflect a little on the idea of leaving a wife and five children to beggary; and as the affair could not well stand reflection, it went off.

Gilpin.

HAWAIIAN NATIVE.

BY HOMESPUN.

I DO not think any of my little people would know from this picture, whether the lady, who is a Hawaiian, is sitting astride, or sideways unless they were told. So I will give you a short description of the manner of riding, dress, etc., of the women of Hawaii.

The Sandwich Islands, (called the Hawaiian Kingdom) are a number of small islands grouped together in the center of the Pacific Ocean. Each island is mountainous in the center, the shores being more or less extended. Around the islands, and on the table lands of some of the larger ones are built the little towns. The roads and passes from town to town are often very rough, narrow and precipitous. Especially is this the case on Maui. All who travel to any extent are obliged to ride on horseback, and in the more dangerous places, women ride astride. The native females always ride thus, and so do nearly all other ladies when traveling from place to place. The natives, both male and female, are fine riders; and in truth, when one

sees a *wahine Hawaii* seated on her horse, with her dark hair tidily braided or flowing in the breeze, her *holoku* (the native dress, made exactly like the "Mother Hubbard" wrapper now so fashionable) usually made of light calico or lawn, with a long strip of cloth which is laid over her knees and floats out in the wind, as seen in the picture, and riding as though a



part of her animal, one is tempted to think the natives have found the secret of grace, ease and safety in horse-back riding for women.

Swimming and horse-back riding are the two principal amusements or occupations of these people.

The women are exceedingly neat and attractive in appearance as a rule. They love to go without shoes, but they must

have a tidy *holoku*, and a dainty white, starched petticoat, which is shown by the holding up of the dress in one hand.

These people are all very courteous and friendly. As you are traveling on the beach or up in the mountain paths, you often meet the men or women riding easily along, and every native will greet you with the salutation of "Aloha" as they pass.

The women are quite reasonably treated by their male companions; and when you see the men mixing and kneading the "poi," (the national bread) sometimes even washing, and all men and women working together in the cane, you wonder if they have solved the problem of women's rights.

They are alike untrue to marriage vows, when it so pleases them; and if their men are not cast out for their sins neither are their women.

The late Mrs. Margaret Cluff, who lived on the islands some years, used to laughingly relate a little incident illustrative of women's rights on the islands.

A wife, who had buried her husband that day, came into the plantation house and mourned and wailed in the most heart-rending manner, and utterly refused to be comforted.

Mrs. Cluff's tender heart was grieved, and she mourned with the afflicted widow. In three days the mourner again presented herself at the house, and seated herself on the mat in an attitude of deep thought, prepared for a talk with Sister Cluff.

"Well," said Sister Cluff, "what can I do for you, my poor woman; what is troubling you?"

"I have a *manao*," (meaning an idea, or a thing which I am studying over) said the native.

"What is it? Confide in me and I will do all I can to aid you."

"I have been thinking," said the disconsolate widow, "that I must get me a new husband."

"What," exclaimed Mrs. Cluff, horror-stricken, "get another husband when your own is not cold in his grave?"

"Aye," replied the native, "but I must have some one to make poi, and to be my companion, and swim in the blue waves with me. My old husband is in the ground; he can't make poi, so I must get another."

"Out upon ye!" cried the indignant listener, angrily amused, "there is no constancy or even decency about you."

The widow departed in sorrow, thinking, no doubt, that the white woman was as devoid of sense, as she thought her devoid of decency.

HARMONY OF GENESIS AND GEOLOGY.

BY J. H. W.

PHILOSOPHERS lay it down as a rule, that the materials for all revolutions, whether political, moral or social are prepared before-hand. A revolution in ideas and modes of thought is by no means an exception to this rule. The unthinking throng may gaze in wonder at the spectacle afforded by the sudden outburst; but the thoughtful student will trace the order of events, and the forces that have been long at work preparing the minds of men for the new order of things.

When in the latter part of the eighteenth century, Voltaire marshaled his arguments as a legion, and hurled his burning invectives against the corruptions of false Christianity, humanity stood aghast at the result, for they did not perceive that the forces which impelled it had long been preparing. When the works of Voltaire and Thomas Paine appeared, society was in such a condition that many accepted their teachings as a relief from existing evils. Much more, many persons were ready to follow them into all the wild sophistries of infidelity.

The history of that time, has been to some extent repeated in the great scientific revolution so vigorously at work in the nineteenth century. When Hugh Miller wrote his "Testimony of the Rocks" there were those who confidently expected that this work would overturn the Mosaic account of the creation; and a wonderful outcry was raised about the opposition between the records of the rocks and the Bible. After a time it was found that geology demonstrates the existence, wisdom and goodness of an Almighty Creator with irresistible evidence. So when Darwin, Huxley, Hooker, Spence and others revealed to the world, a vast amount of knowledge concerning the origin of species and the development of plants and ani-

mals, there were those who would have gladly found an antagonism between the facts of science and the records of revelation. But now it is admitted that it would be equally wonderful, and would as much require the infinite powers of Deity, "to develop all the varied and marvelous forms of organic life from a single germ as to call them into existence by special acts of creation." In reality we owe these philosophers a debt of gratitude for having studied nature so carefully and given us so many deeply-interesting and important facts.

It is evidently part of the divine plan that species should develop from a lower to a higher condition. We see this in the improvements in the breeds of our domestic animals, as well as in the wild animals that now live, as compared with the remains of the ancient Saurians that once roamed over the earth. The doctrine of "Natural Selection" or "Survival of the Fittest," as Huxley terms it, is also a law of nature. We see this illustrated at the present time in the history of races of men and species of animals. The weaker races of men are gradually disappearing while those nations who possess the highest physical, mental and moral characteristics are extending their dominion over the earth. In the history of animals this is likewise apparent. The gigantic, unwieldy ox, the *Urus* of Caesar, has been extinct since Roman times. The Aurochs, another ox whose bones are frequently found in the same strata with extinct animals, would have been now entirely extinct but for the imperial edict, which preserves a few in the forests of Lithuania. The gigantic birds *Dinornis* and *Aptornis* have but recently passed away. Perfect skeletons of them are still preserved in the museum of Christchurch, New Zealand. From the measurement of these skeletons they are estimated to have been nearly or quite twelve feet high. The Dodo, a heavy, clumsy bird, of fifty pounds' weight, with loose, downy feathers, and imperfect wings like a new-born chicken, became extinct only about 150 or 200 years ago. The *Apteryx* of Australia which of all living birds most resembles some of the extinct species, still survives, ready to disappear. The lion, tiger, bison (or buffalo), elephant, rhinoceros, and, in fact, all the fiercer and larger animals, are even now disappearing before the advance of civilized man.

The law of variation, as expressed by Darwin, is true with certain limitations. For example, every person must admit a vast change in the condition of the best breeds of our domestic swine, from their ancestors, the wild boars of medieval Europe. Yet nowhere can be found a single instance of *transmutation of species*. For example, if we should trace the pedigree of a horse backwards through a thousand generations we should find that the original animal was also a horse, though probably a very inferior animal. Of all the living animals and fossil remains of extinct ones, though thousands of specimens have been discovered, yet of land animals and the higher orders of creation not a single instance of transmutation can be found. In all this we see a beautiful agreement with the divine record, "And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind: and it was so" (*Gen. i, 24*).

True, we are told by Huxley that the embryos of different animals closely resemble each other, so that at an early stage of their existence they cannot be distinguished. But what of this? It only shows the unity of design in the works of the Creator which is one of the grand characteristics of the organic world. Further, it teaches us a lesson of man's ignorance and imbecility. With all the aid of science we are unable to perceive those minute arrangements of the atoms which

will on development produce a tortoise or a fowl, a dog or a man. Who would presume to say that a castle was developed or "evolved" from a cottage because they were built of similar materials or because some of the rooms were after the same pattern. Why then should the Divine Architect's work be doubted because He gives to the germs of different beings the power of self-development according to a specified pattern, which is to end in the ultimate perfection of vastly different organisms?

But we are asked, is it not true that the most accurate and reliable geologists, have discovered in the rocky records of former ages the most undeniable evidence that the earliest birds were of a strangely *reptilian* character; and that many of the reptiles of that age were of an extraordinary bird-like character? That in some cases it is difficult to determine which predominated to the greatest extent, the characteristics of the reptile, the bat or the bird? These animals were evidently amphibious, living either on land or in the sea. Some specimens still extant which are found in Mexico and South America and which are identical with, or closely resemble the extinct species, possess the double character of an aquatic and terrestrial animal. Some of them advance beyond the development common to the class, and from gill-breathers, fitted only to inhabit the water, become lung-breathers adapted to live on land.

Is it not also true that the remains of the earliest birds indicate them to have been of an aquatic character similar to the cranes, gulls and pelicans of the present time? Some of these were destitute of horn bills which birds of the present age possess. On the other hand their heads resembled those of reptiles. Neither were their wings always covered with feathers, but in some cases their wings resembled those of the bat, and their feet closely resembled those of reptiles. Now, says the skeptic, is it not possible that reptiles and birds lived upon the earth previous to the creation of beasts? And, further, is it not possible that birds and reptiles may have been developed from the same original type, whereas Moses declares that God made the beast of the earth after his kind? Not so fast, my friend. It is well known that these declarations of science are mere speculations, plausible indeed, but nowhere proven to be true. Granting all that the infidel asks, let us carefully read the sacred record and see if there is really any contradiction, "And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the living creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven" (*Gen. i, 20*). Had Moses written, "And God now created every living thing that moveth in the waters," there might have been some reason for infidel objections. We should therefore especially notice that Moses does not say that this was the first dawn of animal life upon our globe, but simply that the waters were now to "bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl, etc." In all this there is no inconsistency between the geological and Biblical statements. On the other hand the wording of the text is such as to lead the student to believe that birds were of aquatic origin, that is, lived on the water.

(To be Continued.)

DESERET S. S. UNION MEETING.

MONDAY, December 3rd, 1883, the regular meeting of the Union was held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall. Gen. Supt. George Q. Cannon presiding.

Meeting opened with music by the 16th Ward Brass Band led by Prof. Beesley; followed by the 4th Ward Sunday school choir singing "Praise the Lord," Brother Thomas Lewis conductor. Bishop H. Sperry offered the opening prayer.

Minutes of the November meeting were read and accepted.

Asst. Supt. Peter Erickson reported the 4th Ward Sunday school. Though small it was a good school. The total number enrolled was 114, and the average attendance 86, formed into 11 classes; another class would soon be organized. He had been connected with the school for a number of years and was pleased to say that it was growing better. The bishop and his counselors encouraged the school by their frequent presence. Good order was generally observed. A regular programme was carried out each Sunday, and varied so as to make the exercises interesting. On a former occasion, their superintendent had reported that there was not a member of the school that used tobacco or intoxicating drink; this, he was glad to state, was the case at the present time.

Prof. E. Beesley's martial band, being present by invitation, enlivened the meeting with a tune.

Asst. Stake Supt. T. E. Taylor, said the general efficiency of the Sunday schools depended largely upon the convenience afforded in the Ward assembly rooms for dividing the school into departments. Most of the city schools were favored in this respect, being able to take the little ones into a primary department, and the older ones into a theological class. His view of the object of the Sunday school was the training of the children in the principles of the Gospel. To do this effectually, the instructors themselves should be well informed upon the principles they were called to teach. The week's lesson should be read and thought over by the teachers, so that they could answer questions, and explain the points of doctrine contained in or suggested by the lesson.

Apostle George Teasdale made a few interesting remarks expressive of his high appreciation of this important work, which to him was a labor of love. He loved to be with children, and believed they were naturally inclined to be good and receive the truth when taught to them in a proper manner. He had been absent for several months, and was very much pleased and gratified to be present at such a meeting.

The next exercise was an anthem rendered by Brother E. Stephens' first singing class of Sunday school scholars. Bro. Stephens remarked that the music, not the words, would be sung by the class. The anthem, a home composition, was of four pages, and the scholars saw it for the first time one week ago. The music was excellently rendered. Brother Stephens said this class would make good choir singers, and suggested to leaders that they might use them to good advantage.

Asst. Gen. Supt. George Goddard announced that by the first of January the new music book for Sunday schools would be ready for sale. Price 50 cents per copy, with a liberal discount on wholesale orders.

It was desirable to make the Sunday morning missionary labor in the Wards of the different Stakes, quite general. The idea was to have a number of interested persons visit the houses of the Saints every Sunday morning, before school begins, and encourage parents to send their children to Sunday school in good time; and if any of the children were disposed to stay away from school, the visitors should labor, plead with and persuade them to attend to their duties. If this labor was done faithfully, there would be little room for the outside element to lead away the youth of Zion from the faith of their fathers.

Then followed a fine selection by the martial and brass bands, combined.

Gen. Supt. George Q. Cannon was very much gratified with what he had heard and witnessed. The speaker felt much pleased with the progress in music and singing made by the youth of Zion. It was commendable, and he could not help contrasting our present circumstances in this respect, with those of the early settlement of these valleys. The presence of the bands had awakened his recollections of the music that was here in early days, when our only instrumentалиsts were the remnants of the Nauvoo Brass Band, with, perhaps half a dozen instruments.

Nearly one-third of our Church population were now under eight years of age. There were also a great many between eight and sixteen, making a great host of children, out of which some 40,000 were Sunday school members. The influence of this mighty host would make a great impression on the generation now growing up in the world. As Sunday school teachers and officers, and as parents, we hardly know the influence and power we can wield by our teaching and instruction, when accompanied by the Spirit of God. We might think the children are too young to understand or appreciate our words of counsel. But incidents of his own experience, which he related, showed to him that the young children not only understood, but would treasure up in their hearts the instructions given them. If Sunday school teachers would take advantage of their influence over the children under their charge, and make a strong and united effort, they could do very much towards checking the growing evils of intemperance and the use of tobacco—evils so prevalent in the world that they were ruining the whole generation of men, and threatened the destruction of many of our youth.

Meeting adjourned to the first Monday in January, 1884. Singing by the choir and Stephens' class. Benediction by Elder L. W. Richards.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

GOVERNOR MURRAY is busy in the East misrepresenting the people of this Territory. A most singular position for a man to occupy, to be maligning the people whose servant he is and for serving whom he is paid by the general government! He appears in a late number of the New York *Herald*, his interview filling a large space in that journal. When I saw it I was reminded of a report that was published in the same sheet by some disgruntled office holders of Utah, namely, Brocchus, Branderbury and others. They were the first officials sent to this Territory after its organization. They assumed many airs after reaching here, and attempted to lord over the people, and even threatened them with the vengeance of the government. They were treated with proper respect, but the people were insulted by their conduct, and President Young gave voice to their feelings. They rushed back to the United States, made a flaming report to the government, figured, as Murray now does, in the New York *Herald*, and then subsided. I was on the Sandwich Islands at the time, and saw their report in the *Herald*. It created considerable excitement, and many thought this report would be a serious blow to the work of God.

A few years afterwards (1859-60) I was in Washington. It was the first Winter of Hon. W. H. Hooper's services as Delegate in Congress and I was with him there. Among the visitors to our rooms was this Judge Branderbury. He was very much ashamed of the part he had taken in leaving Utah as he did. He blamed Brocchus for misleading him, and frequently expressed his regrets at the course he took. He was almost destitute of means, and borrowed money of us to help meet his expenses. Poor Branderbury made nothing out of fighting the "Mormons;" he lost his position, he gained no friends, and he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing of the people who had been so outrageously attacked in the report which he signed. He has been dead many years now, and if it were not that his name was preserved among us his memory would be lost in oblivion.

Brocchus after leaving Utah secured an appointment as judge, I think in New Mexico, but for years I knew him as a lounger and office-seeker around Washington. He, too, was reduced to poverty, and lived long enough to be ashamed of his conduct towards Utah and her people, and to acknowledge that he had committed a foolish blunder, in leaving as he did and misrepresenting the people.

When I saw Murray's interview I thought of the fate of these two judges. They thought themselves at the time to be as important as Murray now thinks himself to be. Like them he, too, will figure for a short season and then disappear to be no more heard of except as the people of Utah shall find occasion to allude to him and his fate as an example of the result of tyranny and folly.

It is a remarkable fact, which ought by this time to make some impression upon the enemies of the work of God, that no man who has ever undertaken to fight this work has prospered. Renown has never been gained in such a crusade. On the contrary, shame and disaster have been the invariable results. Presidents of the United States, Senators, Members of Congress, Governors of States and Territories, Judges and it may be said all classes of officials have essayed to injure this work, but without an exception they have signally failed. Hundreds of instances might be cited in proof of this. It is only yesterday that the telegraph dispatches announced the death of Dudley C. Haskell, member of Congress from Kansas. In the fullness of bodily strength, with stentorian tones and vindictive determination, he did all in his power to urge the passage of the Edmunds bill through the House of Representatives. Not content with this, he had planned for further aggressions upon the liberties of the people of this Territory. He even contemplated, as he told me himself, that if these measures should not be successful in accomplishing the desired end, recourse would be had to the army and the system would be wiped out with blood. In the prime of manhood and the vigor of health he doubtless had little thought that his end was so near. But since the termination of the last session he has been ailing, and, as the dispatches inform us, seeking relief in various ways without success. He has gone to test the realities of another world. His fight against the work of God here is ended. He is now in a position to learn how wrong his course was. Death will come to all those who now fight against Zion, as well as to those who are engaged in building up Zion. We need not be angry at each other nor clamor for each other's destruction; sooner or later the friends and enemies of the kingdom of God will receive the sununions to go hence, there to receive in the due time of the Lord each one the reward of his or her works. This reflection has furnished me at many times considerable consolation when I have seen

the bitterness with which the enemies of this kingdom have fought for its overthrow. A few short years more and they will go hence, until then the faithful Saints can afford to wait. In the meantime the work of God is spreading and gaining a deeper root in the earth and is accomplishing all that the Lord has said it would.

In the "Topics" of the last number the typographical error occurs of placing the name of Orson for Joseph Horne in speaking of "the captain of our fifty."

Prize Poetry.

PASSING AWAY.

BY J. H. WARD.

Passing away, so whispers the wind,
As it treads on its trackless course;
Passing away, doth the bright rill say,
As it leaps from its crystal source.
All passing away on the stream of time
To oblivion's vale in a far off clime.
Matter and man, we make no delay—
To eternity's gulf we are passing away.

Passing away! e'en the forest leaves
Are now growing yellow and sere;
And the sylvan bower and the wild wood flower
Fade along with the fading year.
Oh! passing away, 'tis a desolate scene
When nature is robed in sombre sheen,
And the winds through the leafless forests bay
With their dismal dirge: we are passing away!

Passing away! mark the furrowed brow
And the head with the silvery hair,
And the furrowed cheek, how they plainly speak,
They're leaving a world of care.
Yes, passing away even beauty's flower
Is fading fast 'neath the spoiler's power;
And fair and frail, to their bed of clay
Adown in the tomb are passing away.

Passing away! sounds the ocean wave,
As it breaks on the beaten shore,
And the tortured tide is left to chide
The cliff's with their hollow roar.
Aye, passing away! both from castle and cot,
The places which know us, will soon know us not;
Whether peasant or prince, nature's last debt to pay,
At the fiat of God, we are passing away.

Passing away; for their hour is past,
Earth's things, they're a motley pyre;
The monarch's throne and his sword and crown,
Wealth, fame and the poet's lyre.
All passing away, e'en the pomp of art
And the pride of the despot must all depart,
And the relics of realms must each decay,
And the names of their great ones shall pass away.

Passing away! even Time himself
Bends under his load of years;
His limbs are frail, and his cheek grows pale
With the furrows of sorrowing tears;

With his broken scythe, with a silent tread,
He is passing on to the home of the dead;
With a bending form and locks grown gray.
Old Time himself is passing away.

Passing away! how swiftly they go!
Those scenes of our youth once dear.

Those friends we loved are by death removed,
And the world grows strange and drear;
And the hopes of our youth so oft depart,
And the chords of love round the human heart;
E'en the spirit grows tired of its cot of clay,
And the essence immortal would fain pass away.

Passing away! all but God's bright throne
And His children's home of love;
And His grace divine and the boundless mine
Of God's eternal love.
But change shall yet come on rainbow wings,
And shall brighten the earth with happier things;
Though suns and stars should all decay,
Yet God in His love shall ne'er pass away.

NIGHT SCENES IN A GREAT CITY.

SECOND NIGHT.

BY KENNON.

WHILE the patrol were in the struggle of securing their prize, we were unnoticed by them; but when they had completed the capture, they ordered us very emphatically to follow in their wake. Our boatman, while he seemed nothing loth, still kept his head bowed, thereby hiding his face; and I fancied from his manner that he desired to escape recognition. The little fleet proceeded to the nearest dock, and here the whole party, except the patrol, were consigned to the care of the custom officers. When the remainder of the illicit cargo was landed one glance sufficed to show its nature. It was opium. At first, before any was thrown overboard, it must have been an immensely valuable cargo; for the chief of the customs estimated the duty on the remainder at \$7,000.

I did not like the idea of being marched along to prison under care of a lot of officers whose success had made them merry and sarcastic; nor did I like my associates. Our boatman now looked like a villain and as I saw him more clearly in the growing light of morning, I felt a thrill of horror in recalling how completely we had been in his power out on the dark and lonely water; while the faces of the smugglers were not at all reassuring, for they were grim and black with defeat and with the promise of severe punishment for their crime. Flynn carried himself with a jaunty, self-possessed air; and, as he informed me, really enjoyed the adventure. The fact that he had been placed under arrest, along with a crowd of smugglers and a questionable-looking boatman, seemed no annoyance to him. Rather he exulted in it, for, as he whispered to me, "it gave unrestricted opportunity to watch the case."

When we reached the jail it was daylight—the only hour during the twenty-four that the place could have been found resting, apparently, from its wearisome, disgusting toil of receiving in its black bosom the thief, the murderer, and sometimes the injured innocent. But we were given no time to moralize; for

taking us each, in turn, our names and occupations were demanded—we had all been entered on the books already under the general head of "Smugglers caught carrying a cargo of opium from the China steamer — at Pacific docks." When it came my turn to answer, Flynn gave my arm a pinch, and replying for me said, "My name is Tom Flynn, and I am a reporter for the *Times*. In the semi-darkness of the gloomy station-house, this play remained unnoticed except by our boatman, who was watching us intently. It was Flynn's chance next and for himself he said, "Me name's Mike Conroy; and me and me pardner here," pointing to the boatman, "wuz out on the wather with his honor, Mr. Flynn."

My friend was evidently trying to perpetrate a harmless joke upon justice, or testing his capacity as a character actor; and he might have succeeded admirably but for the real boatman who cried out, "Bad cess to him to call me his pardner! Mister Officer, they're both smugglers. They hired me to go out wid 'em, and they watched the *Chaney* steamer till the opium got away and then they made me row ahead of the *Whitehall*. This chap's the chief of the gang," he said, pointing to Flynn.

The latter had crushed his hat into a slouchy shape and had buttoned his ulster closely around his person while we were on the dock, so that he might, in the uncertain light, have easily passed for a water-front character as he claimed to be. But the indignant boatman at the close of his speech approached the reporter and by a dexterous movement, he threw open the latter's ulster, and taking off the crushed hat restored it to its pristine shape and gloss. There stood my friend revealed in full evening costume. The boatman laughed sneringly, and said, "Yis, its the fashion wid us to wear swallow-tail coats and white chokers! What an illigant boatman you do make!"

While all this was passing, Flynn remained reasonably cool, though mystified; but I was in a fever of annoyacee. I thought, "Oh, this wretch of a boatman! Either through his stupidity or his malice he will involve us in the disgrace of a trial if not worse."

Small time was allowed for reflection. Already the party headed by policemen had begun to walk down one of the dusky corridors, and we were ordered to follow in line; when the boatman, suddenly releasing his face from the grin which it had been wearing, and removing a huge neck-cloth which had half-hidden his chin, appeared apparently in proper person. With a frank, hearty laugh he extended his hand to Flynn, and whispered, "What a shame for us two Irishmen to play tricks on each other! But I should have continued the joke and seen you well incarcerated, only that I saw we were frightening your friend out of his wits. Introduce me, Flynn, and drop the brogue: you are getting too thick a tongue for the delicate rolls and trills and inflections of the old speech." My crest-fallen friend soon made me acquainted with Detective Dan Leahy, and a few words to the captain of police speedily released us from the noisome place.

When we were well away, and had separated from Leahy, the reporter, who had been holding a low conversation with the detective, said: "Now there's a smart fellow. He was at V— street wharf, ready to follow the patrol, when we reached there just after they had gone. He waited for us to go away, so that his departure might be unobserved; but as we failed to go, he was just concluding to shove off and trust to the darkness, when he discovered my identity, and invited us to go with him. He kept up his disguise because he didn't know you, and he feared to be balked in his scheme. He had

learned some of the plans of the smugglers, and you saw how he accomplished their capture. He tells me that his share of the captured booty for this night's work won't be less than \$4,000, almost enough, added to what he has already saved, to justify him in retiring from so dangerous a profession."

(To be continued.)

Chapter for the Little Ones.

THE BENEFITS OF READING REALIZED.

BY W. F. B.

EARLY in the month of July, 1879, there lived in a small mining village, in Ohio, near the banks of the Tuscarawas river, a lad whom we will call Frank. At home he was called a regular book-worm, because in his leisure moments he always had a book or paper in his hand to read. One day he was reading an incident of how to act in case of a person drowning. It was to take a stick and reach it to the drowning person, so as to avoid being caught in his grasp and thus perhaps being drowned with him.

Not long after this Frank and a number of companions were in the river swimming, a few miles above the town of Navarre. The boys that could swim were in deep water above a riffle, while those that could not swim were bathing where it was shallow. Just below this riffle the river turns its course and makes a whirlpool, that is very deep. Most of the boys would climb upon a rock on the river bank and dive off one after the other into the water. In the midst of their enjoyment they were startled by one of their companions exclaiming, "Johnny is drowning!"

In an instant Frank remembered the article he had read, and as he ran along the bank towards the whirlpool (a distance of a hundred yards) he picked up a stick. After getting into the water he saw Johnny sink for the last time. Frank swam out and the moment the stick touched Johnny he clutched it as with a death-grip, and was safely drawn to the shore. Frank was thus able to save his friend from a watery grave.

The young Latter-day Saints should especially try to learn useful principles from instructive books. We may thereby be the instruments in the hands of God, to save an erring brother from the fearful gulf of sin in which he may be floundering.

We frequently see some of our young men who have disregarded the teaching of their parents, and drifted off with the tide of intemperance. In such cases it is our duty to hold forth the stick of brotherly love with which we may be the means of regaining them from the snare into which they have fallen.

LORD NELSON.

(Continued from page 374, Vol. xviii.)

ATTER the battle of St. Vincent, Nelson hoisted his flag on board the *Theseus*, and took the command of the inner squadron in the blockade of Cadiz. Making an attack by night, his barge was encountered by an armed launch, and a struggle of extraordinary ferocity took place, the English and Spanish fighting hand to hand. The odds against Nelson were fearful, but nothing could withstand his courage and that of his men. Eight of the Spaniards having been killed the others surrendered with the launch. Nelson was repeatedly in danger of being cut down; and he was twice saved by John Sykes, his coxswain, who not only parried blow after blow, but interposed his own head to save that of his commander.

After this adventure Nelson received orders to proceed to Santa Cruz, and to make a sudden assault on that town. Accordingly he sailed with four ships of the line, three frigates, and the *Fox* cutter, and on the 24th of July, having previously attempted in vain to gain the heights above the fort, he brought his ships to anchor about two miles to the north of the town, with the intention of attacking. About six on the evening of that day a signal was made, and at eleven all the boats, with six or seven hundred men, and the *Fox* cutter with a hundred and eighty, made for the town. After rowing for more than an hour without being observed, they got within gun-shot of the landing-place. But at that point they were descried by the enemy; and Nelson ordered the boats to cast off from each other, give a loud hurrah, and row for the shore.

Scarcely, however, had the cheer subsided when the bells of Santa Cruz rang, and the enemy's guns opened fire. The courage of the men was proof against the danger; but the night was unfortunately so dark that most of them, not seeing the mole, went ashore through the raging surge; and the *Fox* cutter, which received a shot under water, began to sink rapidly.

Meantime Nelson, in the act of stepping out of his boat and drawing his sword, received a shot through his right arm. The shock threw him back into the boat, and his sword fell into the water. Recovering himself, he groped in the water for the weapon, and grasped it firmly in the left hand, while the companions of his peril placed him in the boat, and bound the wound with a handkerchief. But, roused at that moment by a cry of distress from the cutter, he forgot his wound, and exerted himself so energetically that eighty of the men were saved.

The attack on Santa Cruz having utterly failed, Nelson allowed himself to be rowed to the *Theseus*, and a chair was brought that he might be taken easily on board. But he was so anxious to send the boat back to the aid of the cutter that

he refused to wait. Catching hold of a rope with his remaining hand, he twisted it round his arm, and sprang boldly up the side of the ship.

"Now," said Nelson as he reached the deck, "tell the surgeon to make haste with his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better."

Nelson, after this unfortunate adventure, was compelled to return to England, and in September he reached London, dejected at the failure of his enterprise and the loss of his arm. For three months he suffered acutely; and he was staying in Bond Street and experiencing much pain, when the metropolis was illuminated in honor of Admiral Duncan's victory over the Dutch fleet, and a violent knocking was soon heard at the door.

"Why don't you illuminate?" roared the populace.

"Admiral Nelson is here," replied the servant; "he is in bed, and so ill that the least disturbance may be fatal."

"Admiral Nelson!" said one of the leaders; "that alters the case. You'll hear no more of us to-night."

The leader of the populace kept his word; and Nelson gradually recovering, found himself, about the Spring of 1798, in a condition to return to sea. Accordingly, he sailed in the *Vanguard* to rejoin Lord St. Vincent. Almost immediately he was dispatched with a squadron to ascertain the object of the armament which Bonaparte was then preparing for the east. While Nelson was in the Gulf of Lyons a severe gale dispersed his ships, and about the time the French fleet passed within a few leagues; but owing to the thick and stormy weather, his shattered squadron was not observed by the foe.

Unaware of the danger he had almost providentially escaped, Nelson rapidly refitted, and having been re-enforced by twelve of Lord St. Vincent's best ships, among which was an old acquaintance, the *Culloden*, Nelson set out in pursuit of the French. Having no instructions he acted on his discretion, and sailed for Alexandria; but, not finding an enemy to encounter, he returned to Sicily. Believing, however, that the French were bound for Egypt, he resolved to seek them once more at the mouth of the Nile. "Be assured," he wrote to Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador at Naples, "I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress."

It was the morning of the 1st of August, 1798, when Nelson came in sight of Alexandria. From intelligence received during the voyage he had little doubt of this time finding the enemy, and he was not disappointed. The port, which at his former visit had been solitary, was now crowded with ships, and the tri-color flag was waving haughtily from the walls.

Admiral Brueys, who commanded the French fleet, was of that great Norman family which in another age had produced the hero King of Scots. Much superior in force to Nelson in ships, guns and men, and somewhat confident of victory in case of a conflict, Brueys had already delivered it as his private opinion that the English admiral had made a point of missing him, from not deeming it prudent to try conclusions with such a foe. Not being able to enter the port of Alexandria, which was ruined, the French admiral had moored his ships in Aboukir Bay, and formed them in so strong and compact a line that the French believed they could bid defiance to a force more than double their own.

(To be Continued.)

JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD WILL COME.

MUSIC BY T. C. GRIGGS.

Moderato. ff

dim.

cres.

Joy to the world! the Lord will come, And earth receive her king, And
 earth receive her King: Let ev'ry heart pre - pare Him room, Let ev'ry
 heart pre - pare Him room, And Saints and an - gels sing.

Rejoice! rejoice! when Jesus reigns,
 And Saints their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

Rejoice! rejoice in the Mos' High!
 While Israel spreads abroad,
 Like stars that glitter in the sky,
 And ever worship God.

THE RICHEST PRINCE.

Praising both the worth and number
 Of their lands in vaunting terms,
 Once sat many German princes
 In th' imperial hall at Worms.

"Fair my land, and great its power!"
 Thus the Saxon ruler cried,
 "In the bosom of its mountains
 Deep the veins of silver hide."

"See my land in teeming fullness!"
 Spake th' elector of the Rhine,
 "Golden corn-fields in the valleys,
 On the mountains sparkling wine"

"Mighty cities, wealthy convents!"
 Louis spake, Bavaria's lord;
 "Prove that not my land in treasures,
 Doth to yours the palm accord."

Wurtemberg's beloved master,
 Eberhard, the bearded, cried,
 "I possess no wealthy cities,
 Hills where silver doth not hidel

"But one gem my land concealeth,
 This: where'er in woods I rest,
 I may lay my head in safety
 On each subject's faithful breast."

The Bavarian and Saxon,
 He, too, of the Rhine then cried,
 "Count, thou art indeed the richest,
 In thy land rare jewels hide!"

Translated from the German.

ONE of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; 'tis the result of all the others; 'tis a latent power in him which subjugates fortune and compels the favor of the gods.
 —*Esmond.*

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